

VOL. LV. No. 1413

PUCK BUILDING, New York, March 30, 1904.

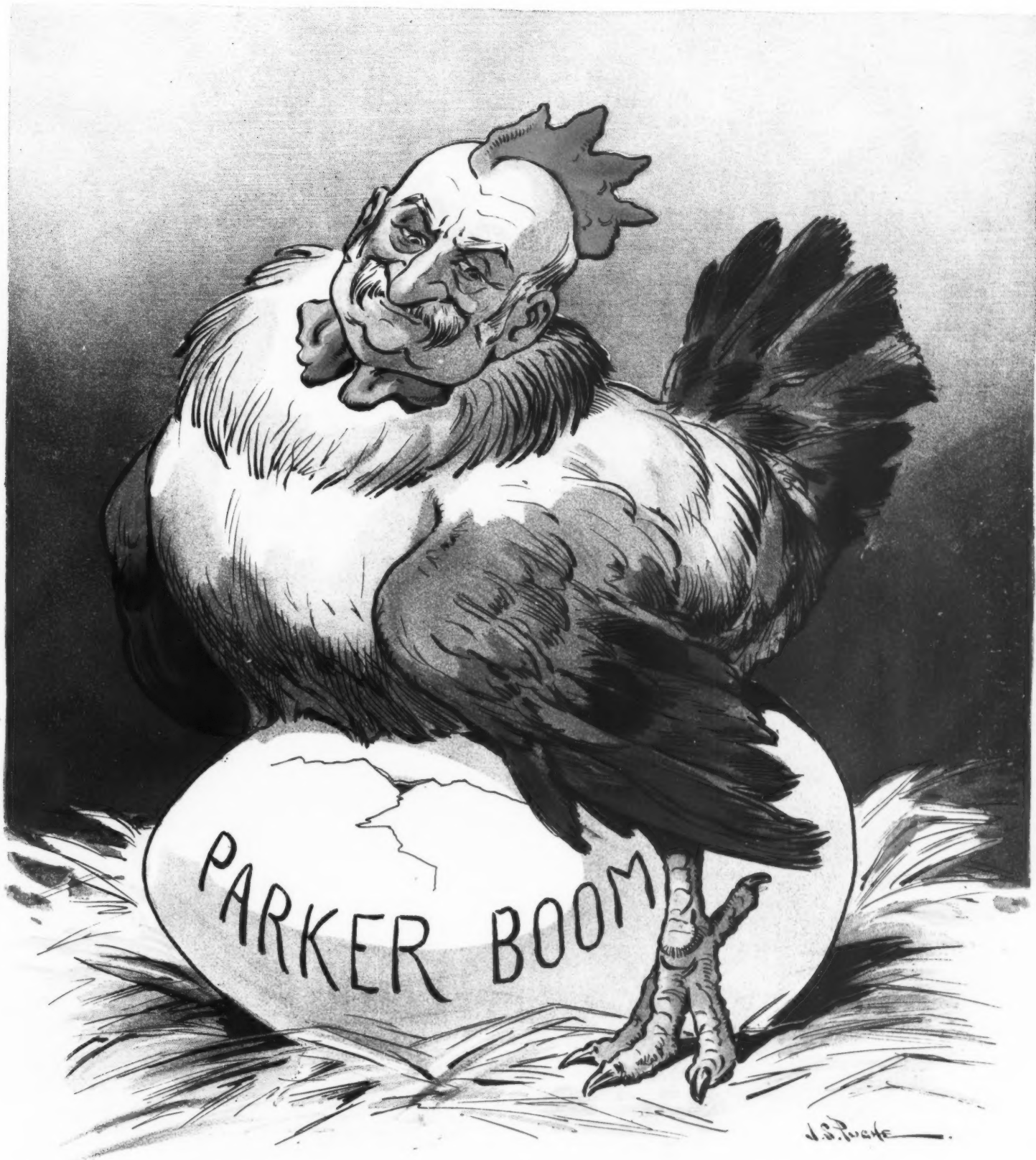
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Puck

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WILL IT HATCH?



AN EASTER INTERLUDE.

ON EASTER DAY I walk with you
Light-stepped adown the avenue.
You say, "You 're glad that Lent is through—
One 's bound to tire
Of being good; it 's such a bore
To miss the things you most adore."
(Ah me, the things I hunger for
And most desire!)

You think the bishop 's growing gray;
And how you thrilled to hear him say,
"Behold the stone was rolled away!"
You almost cried there.
(Would Love like Miracle would do
To that which bars the heart of you
And let me glimpse within and view
The thoughts you hide there.)

You laugh to see the Easter sun—
Your frolic is again begun.

(Oh, when will my heart's Lent be done,
My time of fasting!)
You chat of dinner, dance and play—
(Oh, little maid, be kind I pray—
Grant my starved heart an Easter Day
For everlasting!)

Theodosia Garrison.

THE CRITICS.

FARMER TOOTWILER.—Secretary Hay is one of the greatest diplomats of the present time—so acknowledged by the leading statesmen of the world.

FARMER CLODPELTER.—Hoh! What do they know about it? William Jennin's Bryan, Constable Slackputter, old Doc Belcher and 'Squire Ramsbottom don't think so.

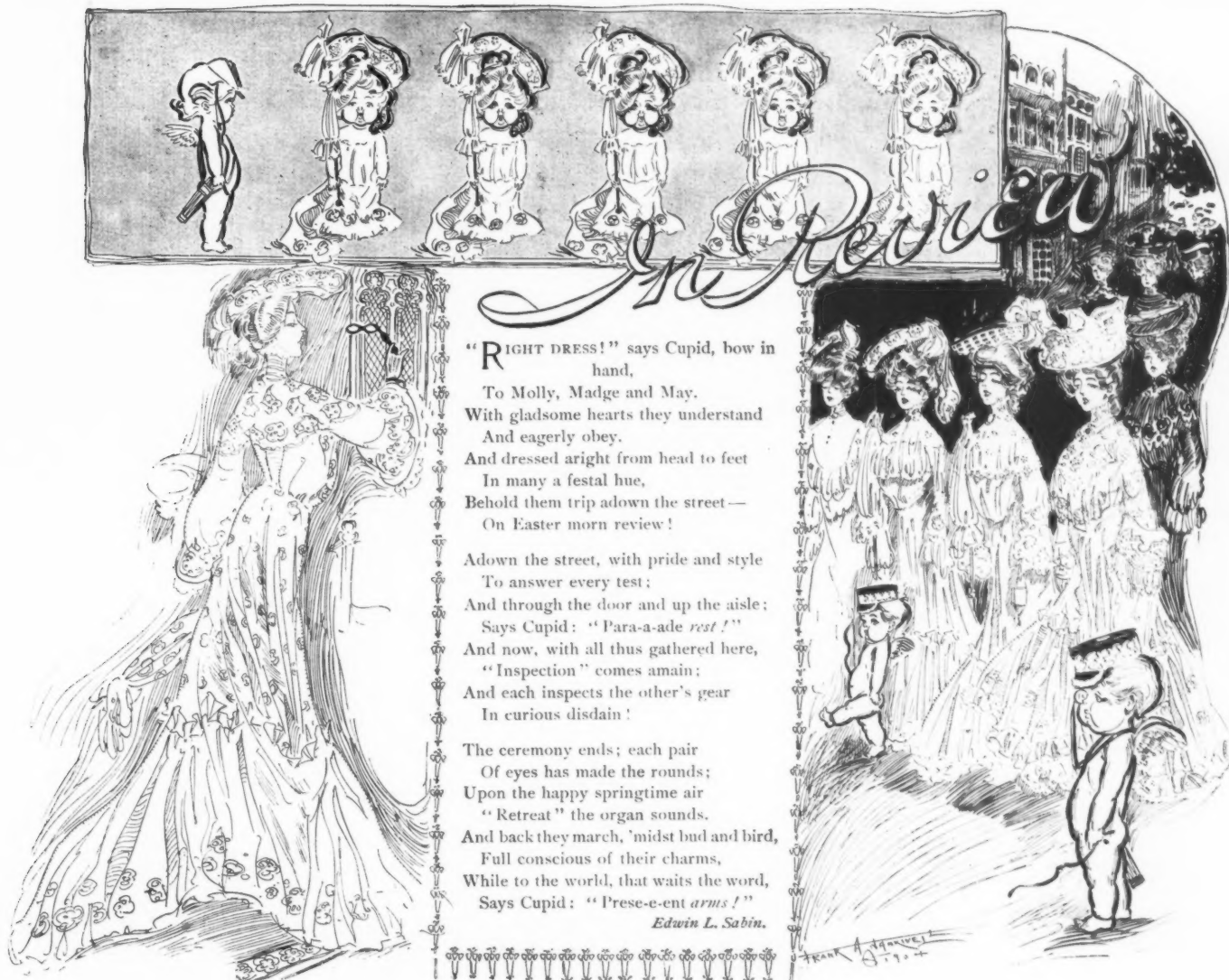
PANAMA HAVING three vice-presidents raises the question, Are not we behind the times with our constitution providing for the shelving of only one statesman at once?



HER THEORY.

UNCLE ABNER.—Some of these almanacs they 're publishin' nowadays don't pretend to tell you what the weather is goin' to be.

AUNT LIZA.—Don't they? Well, I s'pose all the best weather prophets has got jobs on the papers.



"RIGHT DRESS!" says Cupid, bow in hand,
To Molly, Madge and May.
With gladsome hearts they understand
And eagerly obey.
And dressed aright from head to feet
In many a festal hue,
Behold them trip adown the street—
On Easter morn review!

Adown the street, with pride and style
To answer every test;
And through the door and up the aisle:
Says Cupid: "Para-a-ade rest!"
And now, with all thus gathered here,
"Inspection" comes amain:
And each inspects the other's gear
In curious disdain!

The ceremony ends; each pair
Of eyes has made the rounds;
Upon the happy springtime air
"Retreat" the organ sounds.
And back they march, 'midst bud and bird,
Full conscious of their charms,
While to the world, that waits the word,
Says Cupid: "Prese-e-ent arms!"

Edwin L. Sabin.

THE BATHING-SUIT AND THE VIOLET.

ONCE UPON a time there was a Bathing Suit which differed materially from all its associates, for it was modest. It was much distressed at being so much talked about and caricatured in the papers. It had figured in the seashore scene in a spectacular play and afterwards at Newport. But, as I say, its mortification was extreme that it was obliged to bear such undesirable publicity. No one would believe that a retiring disposition could belong to a bathing suit and it was merely laughed at for its attempted vindication of its character.

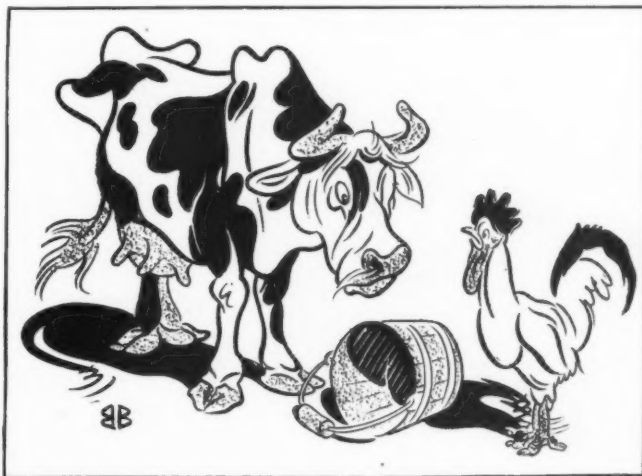
But after thinking for a very long time on a possible course of action, it remembered that everyone called the violet modest, and determined to go and ask the little flower what it did to get up such an international reputation. So the Bathing Suit came to the Violet and asked it the momentous question, "What do you do to make people all call you modest?"

The Violet dropped her pretty head and softly answered, "I shrink!"

So the Bathing Suit went away and began to shrink, and the more it shrank the more it got itself talked about until at last there was an unbearable scandal.

Which goes to show that what is eminently proper and respectable for one person to do is often poor taste for another.

Edith Gay.



A HEARTFELT WISH.

THE COW.—Gee! I'm thirsty. I wish I belonged to a Wall Street Syndicate.

THE ROOSTER.—Why do you wish that?

THE COW.—'Cause they never forget to water their stock.

INFECTION.

ST. LOUIS.—Detectives have discovered that when Chicago people are baptized their sins are washed away into the Drainage Canal.

That the saturnalia of iniquity which is making St. Louis infamous is directly due to this source of infection, is the unhesitating opinion of the best authorities in psychobacteriology.

The federal courts will be asked for an injunction.

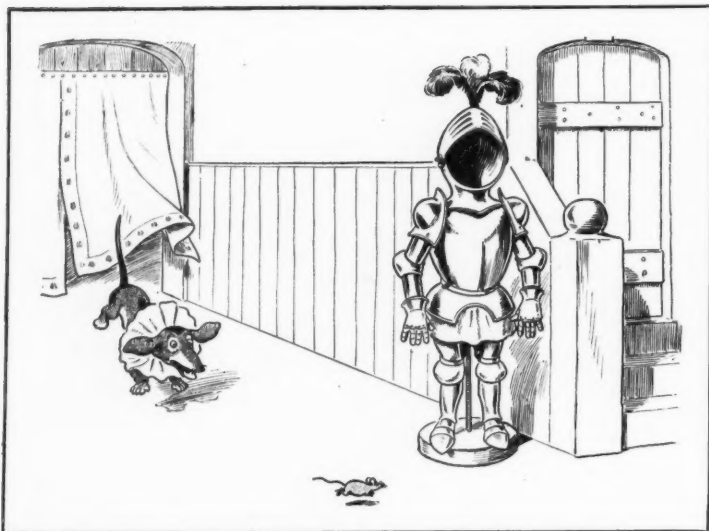
It is a terrible shock to us, when we have told a friend something that was told to us in confidence, to find that he has told some one else.

Comfort is the vestibule of luxury, with no visible partition between.

PUCK

HANS AND HIS CHUMS.

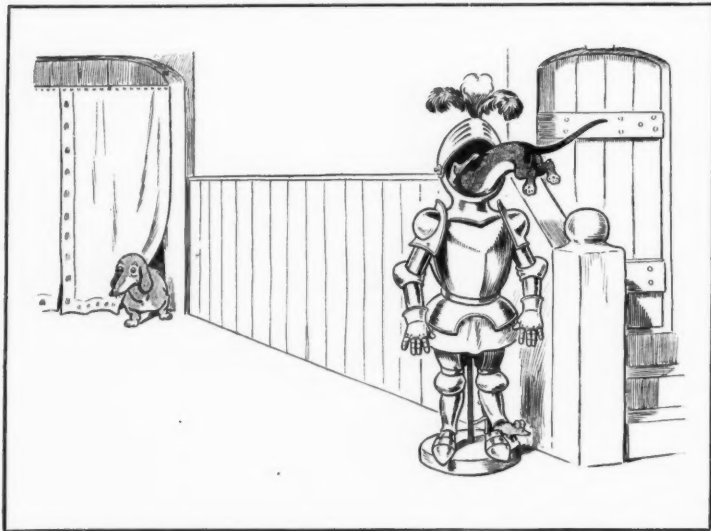
No. 33.



I.
"In a moment more," thought Dackel, "I will finish his career. Yo! Ho! A hunter's life is filled with merry zest and cheer!"



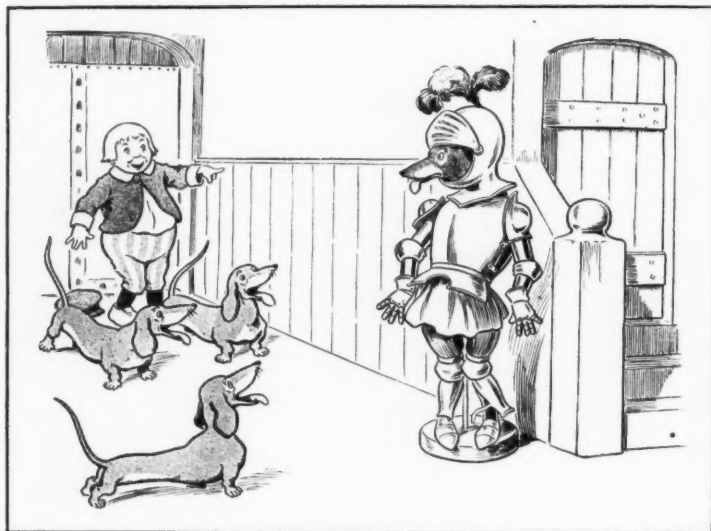
II.
Quoth the mouse: "This odd convenience, I do not know by name; But if what I look for happens, I shall thank it just the same."



III.
"Many thanks!" he cried, delighted, "it has happened as I thought; And if mousey 's not mistaken, his pursuer fast is caught."



IV.
"Mighty Bismarck!" Hans cried loudly, "what has in that armor got? 'T was my great, great, great, great grandsire's—now it 's haunted like as not."



V.
"If you please," a voice said mildly, "not a ghost in here you 'll find; But a somewhat battered Dackel, whom a mouse has left behind."



VI.
"How amazing!" Hans commented. "Do you know I see a trace, Quite a striking look of grandsire in my dear chum Dackel's face!"

It is n't the amount of money a man has that makes him rich; it is the amount he has n't that makes him poor.

PUCK

AT EASTER'S WORD.



THE ALTAR lights gleam an hundred fold
Where yesterday, in the chapels dark,
Rose dimly silent the marbles cold,
And lingered never a candle's spark.
The downcast eyes of a maid I know
With Easter gladness are all aglow.

The chancel smiles with an hundred
flowers
Where yesterday were the shades of
death;

And Hope is queen of the Easter hours
All fragrant now with the lily's breath.
From sombre garb to a gown of snow—
Behold the grace of a maid I know.

The misereres of yesterday
Have died away with the midnight psalm,
And jubilate of Easter sway
The gracious lily and royal palm.
Ah, better far than the notes of woe
The Easter praise of a maid I know.

Frank Walcott Hutt.

SOUVENIRS.

Within the distance of two blocks, we met a richly-dressed woman with a church pew on her shoulder, another with a bishop's stole and part of his surplice, another with a baptismal font; of course it could mean only one thing.

"A wedding in high life, somewhere!" I exclaimed. "I had not heard of it. Had you?"

Clarissa shook her head. I could see that she was vexed. Nor did I much blame her, knowing how she prides herself on the completeness of her own collection of souvenirs.

Is it entirely safe to assume that the pulse is the pulse of the people, though the wrist be the wrist of the fourth-class postmasters?



THE PRUDENT HELPMATE.

MRS. GAYSETT.—John, dear, we must begin to economize.

MR. GAYSETT.—Right, my love; when shall we begin?

MRS. GAYSETT.—Just as soon as I have picked out my Easter hat.



SLOW APPROVAL.

THE ACTOR.—So you 've got engaged since we were here last. Does your fiancée's family think highly of you?

THE WAITER.—Not so much as dey might. De mos' any one ob dem has tried to borrow ob me so far is ten cents.

TOO GREAT A SURPRISE.

THE PHYSICIAN who had been hastily summoned to attend the millionaire philanthropist found his patient in a semi-comatose condition.

"It is a case of nervous prostration," he said, after a brief examination. "He has collapsed from overwork."

"It is just as I feared!" said the patient's wife. "In spite of all I could say he spent hour after hour and day after day in signing checks for donations. And,

not satisfied with giving his money away in the day time, he would sit up far into the night! Goodness knows, the girls and I did all we could to help him get rid of his money, but, you know, his income is so enormous! I was afraid it would come to this!"

And the worthy woman wrung her hands in despair.

"But there must have been some immediate cause for the collapse," said the doctor. "He has received some shock."

"I do not know of any. We found him at his desk. He had just opened a letter—in fact, it was the letter you see lying there."

"May I look at it?" asked the doctor.

"Certainly."

And, after reading it, he said:

"I thought it was something of the kind. It is a letter from a college president stating that his institution is not in need of money."

Wm. E. McKenna.

THE MODERN VERSION.

He who fights and runs away
From awful battle scenes,
May live to write them up some day
For all the magazines.

EXPERIENCE is certainly a great teacher, considering how little use she makes of the Kindergarten methods.

PUCK



ON EASTER MORNING.

ETHEL.—I hate to leave these beautiful flowers.

DOROTHY.—So do I; but it is time to go to church and meditate on millinery.

We are a fast people, and in that way pass safely over some very thin ice.



AN UNSELFISH HUSBAND.

MRS. JONES.—I suppose you wring the clothes for your wife, Mr. Jackson?

MR. JACKSON.—Ah should say not! Ah 'm not so selfish as all dat.

MRS. JONES.—How would that be selfish?

MR. JACKSON.—Why, wif de new patent wringeh my wife 's got, she sez dat wringin' de clothes am half de pleasuh ob washin'.



THE CHARM OF THE ABSENT.

IT SEEMS a pity that in our struggle for existence we should always be overtaking the thing that we most desire—thus robbing ourselves continually of the charm of the absent. It is our peculiar fate, that, impelled by we know not what power, we should be under the constant necessity of doing this. Ah, if we could only just stop short every time of the actual—if we might live continually in a world of unfulfilled anticipation!

Do you remember, as if it were but yesterday, the last trip to Europe that you did n't take? Do you recall how you browsed with silent, contemplative, and serenely joyful mind among those grand old Cathedrals of England; how at Rome, unhampered by the harsh voice of companionship, you sat, supremely sensitive to the ages, and drank in all the wonders of architecture; how you sailed with Cleopatra down the Nile, lingering at Philæ in a rapture of historic dreaming! And

so you travelled, on and on, through eternal cities and over plains where dim shadows of past warriors seem to foregather in the dusky shades, Marathon, Athens, Florence, Naples, Paris. And it did n't cost a cent!

No discomforts of the actual traveler disconcerted you. No one bored you. No traveler ever travelled in such regal splendor as you did. Only the most glorious sunsets attended you.

Since then, no doubt, you have really visited Europe, and been subjected to all the disillusionizing horrors of continental travel.

You have tried to make yourself understood in tongues that you did not understand yourself; and your stomach, sadly in need of repairs, has cried aloud for weeks in vain for good old-fashioned New England breakfast.

You have been half sorry since then that you went at all. For every step that you took robbed you of something you had treasured up before, so that you can truly say that the trip to Europe you most enjoyed, was the one you did not take.

Do you recall,—as if it were but yesterday, the day that you fell in love with the girl you never met? You were young at the time—younger and wiser than ever since. And how she lingered in your dreams. How she touched your pride to do immortal things, how she aroused your better instincts? Mayhap you have married now—have settled down with some prosaic partner of a humdrum life—yet who knows, but this girl you have never met still lingers in the distance.

It is well for you that you never have, never can, meet her. This would be to rob your life of much of its reality. For, after all, the actual is the unreal. It is only our illusions that are worth striving for—and never realizing.

If Heaven is what we expect of it, it must be a place of dreams unrealized. To live in it, we must be absent from it. Otherwise, how could it be really Heaven?

Tom Masson.

Ppractice on the piano makes perfect nuisances of some people.

A SCIENTIST FOR A WEEK.

MONDAY.—I have made many good resolutions since I became converted to Christian Science last week. One is to keep a diary and record my sensations each day as I proceed in this beautiful new life. Mrs. Heeler says it will be so interesting to read in after years, this evolutionary enfolding of my spiritual consciousness. (Have I spelled that right?) Mrs. Heeler is *such* a learned woman and uses such big words. (And I'm sure that new hat she wears cost fifty dollars if it cost a cent.)

TUESDAY.—I got to thinking last night, after I got to bed, why, if medicine is unnecessary, food is not also. I must ask Mrs. Heeler about it. I am resolved to be a thorough Scientist. For breakfast this morning I had two chapters of "Science and Health" and a glass of water. When luncheon time came I felt so strange that I did n't want to eat. Perhaps I have overcome the food habit. George laughs and says—But, pshaw! How can a man understand a woman's finer feelings?

WEDNESDAY.—How queer! I felt really faint yesterday afternoon and had to lie down. Mrs. Heeler said that it was only a "claim," and that I must not be frightened, and that she would be glad to stay with me, only she had a dinner engagement to meet a famous scientist from Boston, but she would run in and see me every day until I got feeling better.

THURSDAY.—Just to please George, I sat up in bed this morning and took a little beef-tea and some bread and butter. Strange to say, I feel much better. I have just remembered hearing that Mrs. Heeler charges five dollars a visit. I wonder will she call to-day? Oh, she's coming upstairs now, so I must stop writing.

FRIDAY.—Mrs. Heeler is *such* a dear woman. She explained it all to me yesterday and made everything so clear. At least, it



AFTER THE ELOPEMENT.

HER FATHER.—Well, it can't be helped now, but it makes me tired to think of your marrying a man without a cent to his name.

THE BRIDE.—Why, Pa, how unjust! I *know* he paid for that telegram asking you to forgive us!

seemed so clear when she said it, and I understand, only it's rather hard to write it down. The reason we eat is that the sub-consciousness of a desire for food is inherited from our ancestors and produces a sort of auto-suggestion too strong for new believers to resist. Is n't that just lovely? Mrs. Heeler says that she, herself, gets a "claim" of hunger sometimes, and though she knows it is purely imaginary, nothing will cure it but food. I must not forget to mail her that check for \$25 to-morrow.

SATURDAY.—I went without breakfast this morning, but all forenoon I was oppressed by an auto-suggestion of beefsteak and onions, with baked potatoes, so I had them for luncheon. George laughed and behaved just horrid.

SUNDAY.—I guess this is the last entry I'll make in this diary, so I'm just going to write down the reason. When George came home last night he had such a long face I could n't help asking what was the matter. "Oh, I saw something downtown I'd like to buy for you, only you could n't wear it," he said.

"What was it?" I asked.

"Oh, a sealskin coat, trimmed with chinchilla, for four hundred, marked down from five hundred." (You know that horridly exasperating way he smiles?) "It would require hardly any alterations, I judge. It *was* a beauty. I'd buy it, only you could n't wear it."

"Why could n't I wear it?" I demanded. (I've been dreaming for two years of a seal coat with chinchilla trimmings.)

"Because you are nothing but Mind. There's no such thing as Matter. Our bodies are only delusions, manifestations of modern error. It's simply ridiculous to speak of our having bodies. Why waste four hundred on something that does n't exist? My sub-consciousness tells me—"

But I just would n't let George finish. What would any woman have done? I put my arm around his neck and stopped his mouth with a kiss, and—well, Mrs. Heeler won't call any more, and all the other women will be as jealous of my seal coat as they can be, and I'm *so* happy.

Robert Webster Jones.

GRATEFUL YOUNG LOVE.

THEODORE.—What are the illusions of courtship?

THEOPHILUS.—Your idea that you can buy her all she wants; and her idea that she won't want anything you can't buy her.



THE DAYS OF REST.

THE OUTSIDER.—Be there much worruk about a political job, Mike?

THE INSIDER.—Not after yez get it, Pat.

PUCK



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PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of PUCK is \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance.

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,
Publishers and Proprietors.
Cor. Houston and Elm Sts.,
New York.

Wednesday, March 30, 1904.—No. 1413.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE HUSHABY CANDIDATE AND BRYAN.

PARTICULARLY galling to one William J. Bryan must be the silence of one Alton B. Parker. That it could otherwise be, is scarcely conceivable, circumstances considered. For that which Bryan acquires in part, by the use of his excellent lungs, Judge Parker captures completely by means of a death-like stillness; namely, the attention of his party. Bryan is grudgingly noticed in proportion to his output of verbiage. A few lean forward in their seats, but not many. If he speaks, he may or may not be answered. If he does n't, no one starts the talk. But let it be proclaimed, ever so firmly, that Parker has nothing to say, and at once there is a rush for the ear trumpets, so that not a word of it may be lost. Can we contemplate such a difference as this and feel no compassion for the Colonel? Assuredly not. Ear trumpets for the Judge, who says nothing. And ear muffs for the Colonel, who says everything—or nearly. It is harsh, very. But out of it, there grows a sturdy question-mark; and with all the speed of a precocious plant. What would Bryan's place be now, if eight years ago, he had antedated Parker in a certain respect—and kept quite? Or, let us be moderate, as quiet as he could? It is a hard one, is n't it? Some thoughts there are, so vast, so overwhelming, that even the most imaginative mind fails utterly to grasp them.

CONCERNING A CHIVALROUS SOUTHERNER.

IT is hard for a man who has basked in the calcium to withdraw to the dark of the wings and be content. Senator Tillman's relative, the Hon. James H. Tillman, has announced his Congressional candidacy. And the announcement is not surprising. It would be strange, indeed, if one who has felt once the warmth of fame's mantle, did not harbor an honest wish for the

touch of those folds again. Tillman's present mantle is somewhat threadbare. It fell about his form when, in self-defense, he shot Gonzales; the editor's hands, as was fully explained at the time, being threateningly thrust in his pockets. For a while, this garment sufficed. No state or territory was there which its flowing train failed to sweep. And Jim, for several months, was the peer of Ben in prominence. That he is not now, is due to the fact that some kinds of fame are never as durable as others. And the best shot in South Carolina made merely the mistake which so many men make, that of getting first the wrong kind. Lasting fame may be had in Congress, where Ben gets his from an appreciative country, and whither Jim would go. In perfect friendliness, however, we would add one line of caution to an otherwise frank approbation. Could Tillman, of Gonzales fame, control himself in Congress? Debates there are hot; differences, sharp; personalities, pointed. And the bearing of these upon Tillman's candidacy is neither vague nor slight when we realize, heart in mouth, that not one, but many members of Congress speak, while on the floor, with their hands in their pockets. There are possible consequences, attendant upon his election, which Tillman, the aspirant, must soberly consider.

JUST ONE WORD. WHETHER HIS noted "amuck" sentence was precisely what some soon declared it to be—a reassuring message to the trusts; or whether it was merely a statement, as we are most inclined to believe, that proceedings

are not to be instituted where legal proof is lacking, only the Attorney General can definitely say. And he, it is likely, believes he has said quite enough. True it is that, upon occasion, many a public man has said more and received a less deafening response than Mr. Knox. So the federal meaning of "amuck," for the present at least, must remain in doubt. Of one thing, however, may we be sure. And that is, the decision of the Supreme Court in the Northern Securities case makes it easier by far than it was before to reach corporate law breakers. And in the face of that decision, remembering always the text of the law sustained, tact and suavity to the point of genius must the man possess who would plausibly account in future for federal delay in doing so. While the breaking of the Merger was, to be sure, a source of satisfaction—a source to all, that is, who do not count monopoly an unmixed blessing—the overturned combine was scarcely, at any stage of its existence, one in which the average citizen took more than a passing interest. Directly, it did not concern him, because directly, it did not affect him. That is why he feels now, and not unnaturally, that he could better appreciate what the government has just done for him, if it had been one of the food trusts, or say, the Coal Trust, which had felt the reproving hand. Then, it is possible, he could read the decision in his monthly bills. For he burns coal. He eats food. And he buys both. But a very small portion of him, relatively, rides steadily on the merger railroads or ships freight thereby. Indeed, despite the facts, it will be time enough to speak of "the people's triumph," when something is done to disrupt the established monopolies—not holding companies merely—which toy with the necessities of life. That is why, to "amuck," a special interest is attached, which may not dwindle.

THE SEASON'S CHANGE.



EXIT the shovel we wielded all Winter,
Heavy its burdens and big;
Good was the lesson it taught to our spirits:
Dig!

Enter the lawnmower; dear is its pathway,
Round from the porch to the bush;
Good is the moral it points on its travels:
Push!

McLanburgh Wilson.

DISASTROUS SPEECH.

FIRST COSSACK.—How came you to lose that fight? You had 'em outnumbered.

SECOND COSSACK.—That's true; but the General insisted on making a speech, and while he was saying "We conquer to day, or to-night Mollyvodkarup Knochanannystiffski is a widow," the Japs came up and licked us.

IN THE far East, instead of telling things to the marines, they apparently communicate them to the war correspondents.

PIT.

At pit the man lost steadily.
"This is hell!" he exclaimed, at last.
"Hardly. This pit is pretty deep,
but not quite bottomless," replied the
other, suavely.

RIVAL AUTHORITIES.

"I s'pose yer 'ink yer knows it all!"
"Aw; ain't I been on de bleachers
at de Polo Grounds as often as you?"

A NECESSARY CONDITION.

"I wonder," said his subordinate,
"how much damage we have inflicted
on the enemy."

"Why, of course," said the victorious
commander, "being on the spot, it is im-
possible to tell. In order to estimate the
enemy's loss at all satisfactorily, one must be
a special correspondent at a distance of at least fifty miles."



One may smile and smile and still not be a comedian.



J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

THE LID IS OFF AGAIN.



PUCK

AN IMPASSE IN THE CELTIC REVIVAL.



THE TIME had come when a congress from all parts of Ireland and the new Irelands beyond seas had assembled in Dublin to determine upon a standard Gaelic. A language that had existed almost without printed books, that had no royal court, no national assembly, no university, no press and literary body to fix which particular dialect should be the standard to which all other dialects must conform. Gaelic as spoken and written in the various parts of Ireland lacked the uniformity it must possess if it were to succeed in becoming the living language of a reborn people, the vehicle of a glorious new literature. Which of the dialects should be the Castilian, the Tuscan, the Parisian, the official language of the Erse?

A distinguished body of statesmen, scholars, literary men, soldiers and municipal office-holders from all parts of the world gathered in this convention, whose presiding officer was Mr. William Butler Yeats. They had come to reason together, to bury all personal differences and yield all clan prejudices, the bane of the Celt. In the utmost amity would they decide, after hearing all the testimony, which dialect had the best claim to be adopted as the official instrument of expressing Irish thought. If the dialect of Donegal was more ancient, more beautiful, more perspicuous, if it possessed greater elegance and clarity than the dialect of Cork, the sons of Cahoolan were ready to shape their tongues to the speech in which was sung the Lament of Beirdre, and the bandy-legged little men of Connemara were full willing to gaily talk like the giants of Tipperary, if they never could walk like them.

Mr. Yeats addressed them—in English. This unavoidable use of the language of the perfidious Sassenagh gave the assemblage only a momentary pain. Mr. Yeats prefaced his remarks by saying that he intended to learn Gaelic, that just as

soon as a standard Gaelic was adopted he would set about learning it and no more would his published plays be bracketed under the title with the statement, "The Characters are Supposed to Speak in Gaelic." Mr. Yeats outlined the necessity of a uniform medium and soared into the empyrean in a prophecy of the glowing future before the new Irish literature in an Irish language. He closed by telling what had been done toward clearing the way for a quick and clear consideration of the matter which had called them together.

"We need engage in no extended discussion," he said. "The committee on preliminaries has placed the whole question in the hands of the two greatest authorities on the Irish language in the world, Prof. Richard Meyer of the University of Goettingen, and Prof. Emil Dettling of the University of Halle."

The two authorities on the Irish language arose and beamed upon the distinguished gathering through double-lens spectacles.



THE STATUS.

THE COON.—And they don't know I'm here! This is a case where somebody else's ignorance is bliss!

They had not arisen merely as an exhibit. They opened their mouths and had uttered a few unctuous words, not in Irish, but in English, English with a German flavor, when they were interrupted by some one crying out in the rear part of the room, crying

out in English, English, but English of the variety spoken in the time of Shakspeare and still preserved in its pristine purity in Ireland. Two gentlemen were standing in attitudes of protest, Mr. Patrick Mulcahey, alderman of the city of New York, and Mr. Michael Maloney, alderman of the city of Chicago. What the eminent councilmen were saying was: "I'll be dommed if I'll shpake a language tarked by Dutch." Which immediately appeared to be the voice of the whole conference.

And that is how the great Pan-Gaelic congress met and adjourned without adopting a uniform standard of the ancient Erse, and why the matter is still as far from settlement as ever, and why Mr. Yeats will continue to write exquisitely in English.

Wardon Allan Curtis.



FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

MRS. YOUNGER.—How do you give your little boy his health food?

MRS. OLDHAND.—Oh, I put it on the mantel-piece and tell him not to touch it.

HEART.

"They say rigid dieting affects the heart."

"I know that by experience."

"You don't tell me!"

"Yes; I tried the no-breakfast cure, and by the time I had gone without breakfast twice, I had lost heart completely."

Persons who blow hot and cold are not always the breeziest.

PUCK



A HARD WORLD.

ISAACS.—I see dey vos going to use salt vater to put oud fires.
COHENSTEIN.—Yes. It vos getting harder undt harder efery day to make a honest living.

AMONG US MORTALS.

ANECDOTAL.

THE Minister of Marine was all things to all men. Once it fell to him to select the warship which should go to the rescue of some missionaries who had become embroiled with the heathen they were saving.
"Send a converted cruiser," said his Excellency, with rare delicacy and tact.

JOURNALISM.

"He is a very valuable reporter."
"Yes?"
"Yes, sir. Not only can he run down almost any murder within twenty-four hours, but he can almost always fasten it on somebody whose picture we have already in stock."

FORTUNE, ETC.

Once on a time a man fell on a defective sidewalk and being thereby rendered a cripple for life, recovered about \$50,000 from the city.

But unaccustomed as he was to the management of large affairs, he made a truthful report to the assessor, and was speedily reduced to penury.

This fable teaches that the smile of fortune avails little without sound business sense.

SECURITY.

Miranda Marie's steady co.
Declares himself ready to tho.
Persons who jeer,
While Miranda can hear
Steps in the hall and not jo.

PROVERB.

If thou be hungry, eat thine enemy's particular brand of breakfast food.
If thirsty, drink his particular brand of cereal coffee.
For thou wilt heap coals of fire on his head.

"PREDIGESTED insect-powder!" sniffed the Cockroach of the old school, with fine scorn.

DIFFICULTIES.

"No, our amachoor puffawmance of Parsifal 'twa'n't much from the artistic side, I guess," said Uncle Alanson. "You see, they fetched a gal out from the city to sing the part of Kundry, an' she was suttinly a beaut. All the boys was keen to sing Parsifal, an' they worked hard, but when it come to the temptation scene the stage manager—he was from the city, too—he could n't do nothin' with 'em. They was bound an' determined to yield. I must say our folks, though, enjoyed the puffawmance remarkable."

BEATEN.

The railway carries thousands
Of passengers who pay
No fare, and thus the railway gets
To be the beaten way.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

At first the Prince was at a loss to account for the Sleeping Beauty. Who was she? And why was she there? Then there flashed into his mind the legend of the wise queen of his house who, many, many years ago, had decided that it was less work to get breakfast herself than to wake the hired girl. Should he wake her?

"She'd probably be mad and say it was n't time to get up," he reflected, and stole out, softly.

THE SOUTHERN idea seems to be that the black man's color is n't so fast but that he is likely enough to crock any civilization he comes in close contact with.



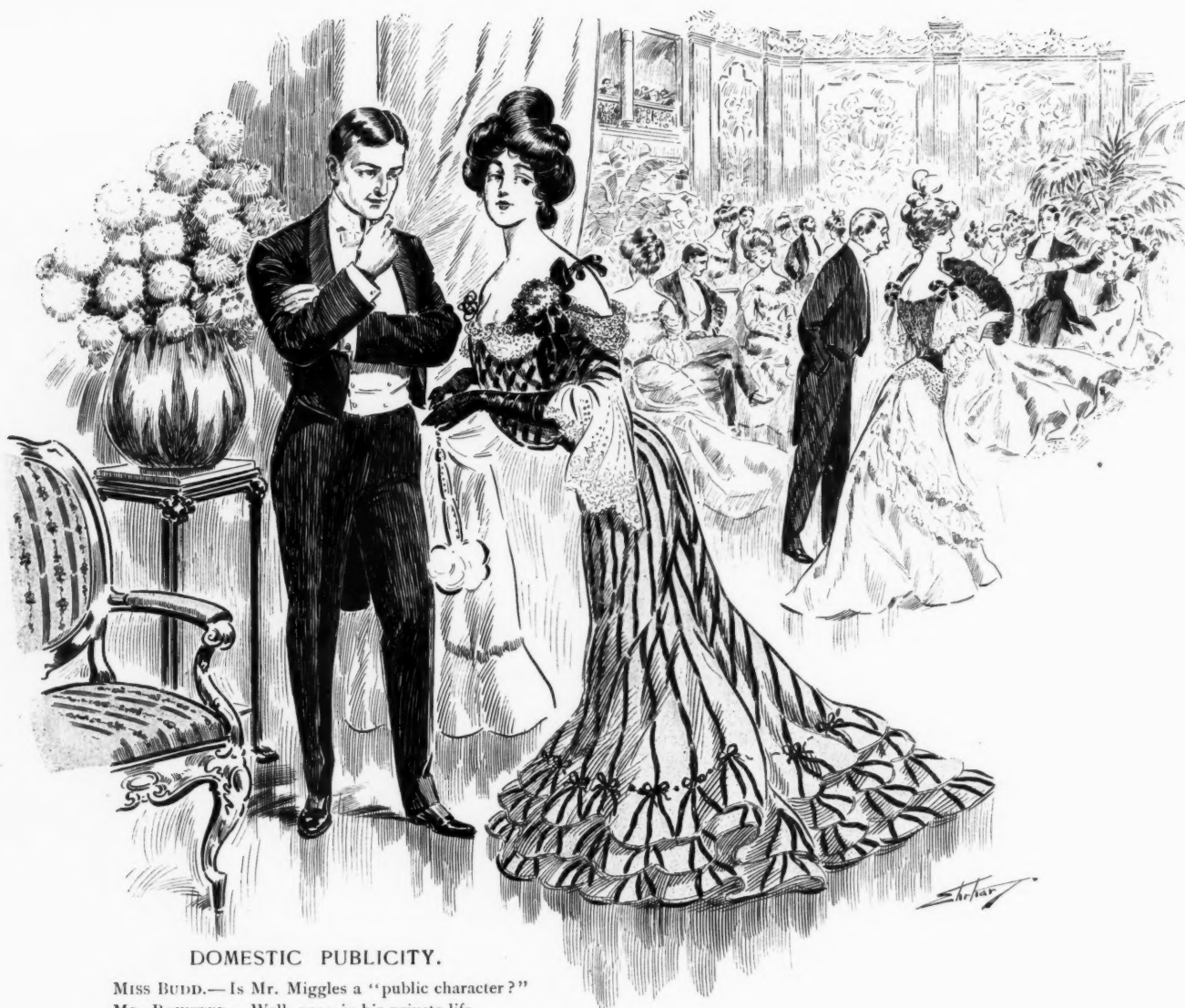
ANNETTE.

Her mouth is truly made to kiss,
Her soft glance shyly inviting is,
While her nose, distinctly ret-
rousse,
Is backed benignantly out of
the way.



THE AGE OF CHIVALRY.

"So yer let dat teacher lick yer?"
"Well, wot would yer hev me do?—Hit a woman dat knows nuttin' wotever about boxin'?"



DOMESTIC PUBLICITY.

MISS BUDD.—Is Mr. Miggles a "public character?"
MR. ROWSTER.—Well, yes; in his private life.

VISIBLE.

THE JUDGE.—But you have no visible means of support.
THE TRAMP.—Oh, I dunno, Judge. Yer kin see lots of good-natured people in de course of a day if yer keeps yer eyes open!



NOT SURPRISED.

"They say the Earl's estates are heavily encumbered."
"I suppose so. In fact, I should consider the Earl a heavy encumbrance to any estate."

COLOR.

"If I had it to do again," said Æsop, after a moment's thought, "I should make the dog in the manger a Christian Science healer, the horse a surgeon of the old school, and the hay a case of appendicitis."

AFTER LENT.

SHE.
YOU LIKE my Easter hat! I see you do!
I don't! I never could wear green nor buff.
There 's too much feather, and not lace enough,
And—can't you see?—it fits me badly, too!

HE.
I like your hat! I do, upon my soul,
Although not competent to find its flaws;
If 't was a fright, I 'd like it still, because
It fits you better than an aureole!

Edward W. Barnard.



A WILLING BODY.

WAITER MONK.—Help you with yer coat, Sir?

Darkness is where there 's neither sunshine nor moonshine.

POPE MANUFACTURING COMPANY.



The renaissance of bicycling brings with it one of the finest mechanical devices invented since the beginning of this industry.

THE TWO-SPEED GEAR CHAINLESS BICYCLE

Enables the rider, by a slight pressure of foot on pedal, to change from high to low gear for hill climbing and difficult roads.

Eastern Department, Hartford, Conn.

"Columbia" "Cleveland" "Tribune"
"Crawford" "Fay Juveniles"

Western Department, Chicago, Ill.

"Crescent" "Rambler" "Monarch"
"Imperial" "Crescent Juveniles"

Catalogues free at our 10,000 dealers' stores, or any one Catalogue mailed on receipt of a two-cent stamp.

"THE SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS.

SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building, Only Salesroom in Greater New York.
5th Ave., cor. 23d St.

THE MODEST RHINOCEROS.

Most modest beast that e'er was born
This huge one is; although it
Is well equipped with its own horn
It simply can not blow it.
— *Catholic Standard and Times.*

Secret of Beauty



Of Skin, Scalp, Hair, and Hands in thousands upon thousands of cases, is found in the exclusive use of CUTICURA SOAP and CUTICURA OINTMENT, the purest and sweetest of emollients.

All over the civilized world
THE IMPROVED BOSTON GARTER
IS KNOWN and WORN
Every Pair Warranted
The Name is stamped on every loop—
The Velvet Grip
CUSHION BUTTON CLASP
Lies flat to the leg—never Slips, Tears nor Unfastens
ALWAYS EASY
Geo. Frost Co., Makers, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.
Send 50c. for Silk, 25c. for Cotton, Sample Pair.
REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES

SURBRUG'S Arcadia MIXTURE.

"One need only to put his head in at my door to realize that tobaccos are of two kinds, the Arcadia and others."

My Lady Nicotine.

HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS, PAPER WAREHOUSE,
22, 24 and 26 Bleecker Street, New York.
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street, New York.
All kinds of Paper made to order.

EGYPTIAN DEITIES

No Better Turkish Cigarette can be made

CORK TIPS OR PLAIN

Look for Signature of S. ANARGYROS

HIS PREFERENCE.

"Do you mean to tell me that you don't want three-cent car fares?"
"That's what I meant to tell you," answered Mr. Sirius Barker. "I'd rather pay a nickel and kick because I'm not getting my money's-worth than hang onto a strap while the conductor is fishing for pennies."—*Wash. Star.*



MODERNLY DEFINED.

"Pop, what is 'water-gas?'"
"The advertisements of a new trust stock, my boy."

A trial of two generations and more has been the test that proves Abbott's Angostura Bitters to be the best tonic for family use.

IN THE JUSTICE COURT.

"You admit that you stole the pig?" asked the justice.
"Yes, suh," replied the prisoner. "But please consider, Mr. Jedge, de fact dat w'en I'd done made a fire under him, en cooked him brown en juicy, en he wuz all ready fer de table, de sheriff come in en kotched me!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

NOT SEEKING APPLAUSE.

"Don't you sometimes long for the applause of the public?"
"No," answered Senator Sorghum. "The day has passed when a man's success was measured by the applause of the public. The dollars of the public represent the desired quantity now."—*Washington Star.*

AT LAST.

For years he followed
Fame's dim track:
Sent poems off,
And—got them back!

Then—rhymed a Russian
General's name,
And reached the highest
Hill of Fame!

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

SURELY NOT.

"Don't you know that you should never let a man kiss you?"

"I know that, Mama, so I kiss him. It certainly can do him no harm."—*Detroit Free Press.*

ORDER SOME

"Club Cocktails"

SENT HOME TODAY.



You will then have on your own sideboard a better cocktail than can be served over any bar in the world. A cocktail is a blend of different liquors, and all blends improve with age.

The "Club Cocktails" are made of the best of liquors; made by actual weight and measurement. No guesswork about them.

Ask your husband at dinner which he prefers—a Manhattan, Martini, Whiskey, Holland Gin, Tom Gin, Vermouth or York.

For Sale by all Fancy Grocers and Dealers generally, or write to

G. F. Heublein & Bro.,
29 Broadway, N. Y.
and Hartford, Conn.

RECOMMENDED BY PHYSICIANS AND CONNOISSEURS



SERVED EVERYWHERE

TOUR TO THE PACIFIC COAST AND GRAND CANYON.

Rate, \$106.

Via Pennsylvania Railroad, Account General Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church.

On account of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, to be held at Los Angeles, Cal., beginning May 3, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will run a personally-conducted tour to Los Angeles, visiting the Grand Canyon of Arizona en route, at unusually low rates. A special train of the highest grade Pullman equipment will leave New York, Philadelphia, and Pittsburg on Wednesday, April 27, running via Chicago and the Santa Fe route to the Grand Canyon. Sunday will be spent at this wonderful place, and Los Angeles will be reached on the evening of May 2. Round-trip tickets, including transportation, one double berth, and meals on special train going; and transportation only returning on regular trains via direct routes or via San Francisco, will be sold at rate of \$106 from New York, \$105 from Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, and \$100 from Pittsburg. Tickets will be good to return at any time before June 30. Tourists returning via St. Louis may stop off for ten days to visit the World's Fair, by depositing ticket and paying \$1.00 fee. A descriptive itinerary will be sent on application to Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, Pa.

PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS

Comfort and service. Guaranteed—"All breaks made good." 50c and \$1.00. Any shop or by mail. C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO., Box 309, Shirley, Mass.

"There's recreation in the books themselves."

77 Information

Bureaus of the

New York Central Lines

Each City ticket office of the New York Central, Boston & Albany, Michigan Central, Lake Shore, Big Four, Pittsburgh & Lake Erie and Lake Erie & Western Railroads in the cities of New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Worcester, Springfield, Albany, Utica, Montreal, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Toronto, Detroit, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Columbus, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, Chicago, Denver, San Francisco, Portland, Los Angeles and Dallas, Texas, is an information bureau where desired information regarding rates, time of trains, character of resorts, hotel accommodations, and a thousand and one other things the intending traveler wants to know will be freely given to all callers.

Send to George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York, a 2-cent stamp for a 52-page Illustrated Catalogue of the "Four-Track Series."

ABSOLUTE REST.

PHYSICIAN.—Your husband must stop all work, all thought, everything. WIFE.—He would never consent to absolute idleness.

PHYSICIAN.—Then we must fool him into imagining he is busy. I get him appointed a member of the board of health.—*New York Weekly.*



SCIENTIFIC TWIRLING.

THE COMEDIAN.—But how did you happen to get hit if you were in the wings?

THE TRAGEDIAN.—Ye gods! It seemed as if every man in the gallery could throw a "curved" egg.

Put new life into the run-down system. Abbott's Angostura Bitters does it. Nothing like it to kill that "tired feeling."

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP



To Shave or Not to Shave!



Every man should shave—or be shaved. It looks better and is better
1. for the health—so the doctors say. But in order to shave with ease, comfort and safety, there's only one soap and that's Williams' Shaving Soap. Unless you use that, it's better not to shave.

Here is one of the greatest generals the world has ever known, who as long as he shaved, always used Williams' Shaving Soap.

Cut out and unite Figures 1 and 3, and they show him shaven as he appeared during his second term as president of the United States. Figures 1 and 2 united, show him with a full beard.

OUR OFFER

To any one sending us the correct name of this famous General, with a 2-cent stamp to cover cost of mailing, we will forward, post-paid, a most useful and ingenious pocket tool, called the *Triplet*, a key-ring, letter-opener, paper-cutter and screw-driver combined, and an article that every man and boy will find many uses for every day.

Williams' Shaving Sticks, Shaving Tablets, Toilet Waters, Talcum Powder, etc., sold everywhere.

Write for Free Booklet, "How to Shave."

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Dept. 8, Glastonbury, Conn.

Ball-Pointed Pens

(H. HEWITT'S PATENT)



Suitable for writing in every position; glide over any paper; never scratch or spurt.

Made in England of the finest Sheffield rolled steel, BALL-POINTED Pens are more durable, and are ahead of all others

FOR EASY WRITING.

Buy an assorted sample box of 24 pens for 25 cts., and choose a pen to suit your hand. Having found one, stick to it!



POST FREE FROM

H. BAINBRIDGE & CO., 90 William Street, New York, or any Stationery Store.



40 Sizes, 10c. to 50c. each.
A. SANTARELLA & CO., Makers, TAMPA, Fla.
Sold by First-Class Dealers Everywhere.

ADMIRATION.

"Why," said the punctilious person, "I got a letter from a person you have been praising, and there was actually a capital in the wrong place!"

"May be so," answered Mr. Cumrox. "But he never gets his capital in the wrong place in the market. And that's more important."—*Wash. Star.*

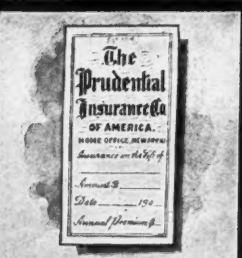
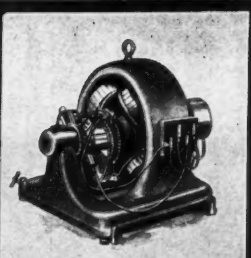
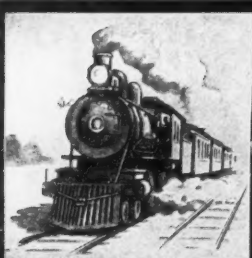
STILL IN THE SWIM.

"How did your daughter's marriage with that foreign count turn out?"

"Her last letter from Europe states that he has spent all her money, and she is taking in washing; but, then, I presume she washes only for the nobility."—*New York Weekly.*

BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.



THREE GREAT FORCES Steam, Electricity and Life Insurance

Have revolutionized the modern world. Whoever does not make use of them is living in the Dark Ages. Endowment Policies of

The Prudential

Are Popular and Profitable.

Send Coupon for Particulars

Without committing myself to any action, I shall be glad to receive free, particulars and rates of Endowment Policies.

For \$..... Age.....
Name.....
Address.....
Occupation..... Dept.,.....

THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE CO. OF AMERICA

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President
Home Office, NEWARK, N. J.

THE
PRUDENTIAL
HAS THE
STRENGTH OF
GIBRALTAR



THE BREW FOR YOU *Miller* the best Milwaukee Beer. MILLER BREWING CO. MILWAUKEE U.S.A.

PERFECTION.

"Practice makes perfect, you know," said the young woman who was playing scales on the piano.

"Yes," answered her father, who does not love music; "perfect misery."—*Washington Star*.

LITERARY NOTES.

"Your Majesty," said the Prime Minister, leading the culprit forward, "this is the page who has been so loose in his habits—"

"Aha!" exclaimed the King; "he must be brought to book."

"Tehee!" giggled the page; "a royal jest, I'll be bound."—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

SHORT SIXES;

Stories to be Read while
the Candle Burns. ❁ ❁

By H. C. BUNNER, late Editor of PUCK.
Illustrated.

Paper, 50c.
Cloth, \$1.00.



Address
PUCK, N. Y.



America

is fast becoming
the wine-making country
of the world—

GREAT WESTERN CHAMPAGNE

—the only Gold Medal
winning American
Champagne at the Paris
Exposition—is aiding
materially in making
this possible, by its
purity, perfection, and
popularity. The equal
of imported in quality,
yet less than half the
price.

PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO.,

Sole Makers, - - Rheims, N. Y.

Sold by all Respectable Wine Dealers.



OPTIMISTIC.

YOUNG LAWYER.—Well, the Judge has rendered a decision in our favor in that will case.

OLDER PARTNER.—Never mind; the other side will appeal and we will continue to get fees out of it.

Arnold Constable & Co. Floor Coverings.

WILTONS, BRUSSELS and AXMINSTERS,
in light, cool effects for summer homes.

Domestic Rugs, Matting.

A large line of the best quality Brussels, marked
at very attractive prices.

Upholstery Fabrics for Country Houses
and Yachts.

Estimates and designs on request.

Broadway & 19th St.

NEW YORK

DISCOURAGING COMPETITION.

MAY.—Your fiancée tells me she
has a perfect trust in you, and—

NED.—Trust? She has a perfect
monopoly of me; I guess that's what
she means.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

HONEST.

"Do you think him an honest states-
man?"

"Sure. I've known him to buy
thousands of votes and pay for every
one of them."—*Detroit Free Press.*

REVENUE.

"Is n't this a pretty bad climate?"
"We used to think so," answered the
native, "till we knew how to use it.
But the climate has been the making of
the place. There's so much sickness
around here that some of our leadin'
citizens make steady incomes writin'
patent medicine testimonials."—*Wash-
ington Star.*

BOUND VOLUMES

OF **PUCK**

MAKE A

Handsome Addition

TO ANY LIBRARY

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Volumes, Cloth, - \$7.50
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PUCK
NEW YORK

Shine on!
It not only gives a high, glowing, dur-
able polish to all metals, but the polish
Bar Keepers' Friend
It will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or
wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by drug-
stores and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George
William Hoffman, 290 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

HOW CHANGED.

"How did you come to fall in love with mama, Pop?"
"Oh, my son, she happened to be playing in an amateur pantomime." —
Yonkers Statesman.

THE WHOLE STORY.

OLD GENTLEMAN.—See here, youngster! Do you know what happens
when little boys stay away from school?

LITTLE BOY.—Sure! A good time an' den a spankin.—*Phila. Ledger.*

MUST BELONG TO A NEW SCHOOL.

"There's something mighty strange about Dr. Pelletiere. I can't under-
stand him."

"What's he been doing?"

"I was n't feeling well yesterday and when I sent for him he did n't order
me to go to bed or insist that I must n't go out of the house for a week." —
Chicago Record-Herald.



One Million a Month

The fact that there was placed with Lord & Thomas in the month of January 1904,
a round million of dollars in advertising orders is certainly eloquent of the scope and
standing, splendid service and satisfactory methods of the agency which "advertises
judiciously."

This powerful sextet contributed \$750,000.00 of the million:

Anheuser-Busch Brewing Ass'n (Budweiser and Malt-Nutrine)
Sterling Remedy Company (Cascarets)
Hamilton-Brown Shoe Co. ("American Lady" and "American Gentleman" Shoes) (Mail Order Merchandise)
Siegel Cooper Co., New York (Lion Coffee)
Woolson Spice Company (Woman's Magazine)
The Lewis Publishing Co.

A few of the many other well-known patrons of Lord & Thomas are:

Armour & Company, The A. B. Chase Company, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul
Railway, Rock Island System, International Harvester Company, Lyon & Healy,
Marshall Field & Co., New England Watch Company, John M. Smyth Company,
Schlesinger & Mayer, Union Pacific R. R., Van Camp Packing Company, Washburn-
Crosby Company (Gold Medal Flour).

Correspondence solicited from all concerns seeking advertising counsel.



LORD & THOMAS

A. L. THOMAS, President. C. R. ERWIN, Vice-President.
A. D. LASKER, Secretary and Treasurer.

**Newspaper, Magazine and Outdoor
Advertising**

New York Chicago

COMPULSORY SUPERSTITION.

"I understand that you confess to being quite superstitious."

"Yes," answered the Emperor of Korea. "I've got to be. The only
chance I have in this mix-up is to sit down and hope for luck."—*Wash. Star.*

RUNNING AROUND.

"Your wife was running around downtown this morning for quite a while."

"What do you mean by that?"

"She got caught in a set of revolving doors and could n't get out." —
Cleveland Plain Dealer.

WHAT DID SHE WANT?

MRS. NEWLIWED.—I want to get some salad.

DEALER.—Yes, Ma'am. How many heads?

MRS. NEWLIWED.—Oh, goodness! I thought you took the heads off, I
just want plain chicken salad.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

When you choose an Ale
you want the best for the
money. When you buy

Evans' Ale

you get the best for any money.
You can test this statement
without much trouble.

MUST BE SOMETHING WRONG.

CITIMAN.—How's your new servant
girl?

SUBBUBS.—She must be a hard
drinker, or a kleptomaniac, or some-
thing even more terrible.

CITIMAN.—Gracious! Why?

SUBBUBS.—Because she's a splendid
cook.—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

"But," said the Englishman, "every
poor boy has a chance to be President
in your country, has he not?"

"Oh, yes, a poor boy has, but a
poor man has n't."—*Phila. Ledger.*

SOFT as velvet—and
with just the tang to
make you hungry.

Blended so perfectly no
one taste predominates.

GOLD LION Cocktails
(ready to ice) never vary.

GOLD LION Cocktails—Seven
kinds—Manhattan, Vermouth,
Whiskey, Martini, Tom Gin,
Dry Gin—and the American

Of good wine merchants.

The Cook & Bernheimer Co.
Makers New York



JUST SAVED THEM.

"Here's an account of a man who saved
twenty thousand pennies."

"Blamed fool! What did he do it for?"

"Oh, nothing in particular—just like a
good many people who save dollars."

The Next Time You Feel Tired

Try an Angostura Phosphate, made from Dr. Sie-
ger's Angostura Bitters. At all soda fountains.

New York to Buffalo, via **NEW YORK CENTRAL** — Finest One-Day Railroad Ride in the World.

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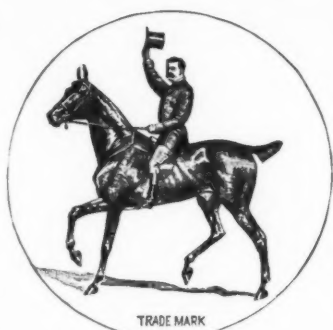
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Eduard W. Barnard.





Without Fault

Aside from its maturity,
purity, quality,

Hunter Whiskey

has that rare, old, aromatic flavor
that gratifies and satisfies.

**A taste the most refined
Which lingers on the palate
And leaves no fault to find**

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

"Oh Be Jolly!"

I wouldn't be lonesome
If I were you,
Consort with quality

P.B. Ale quality

ACKER, MERRALL & CONDIT COMPANY
AGENTS

FIRST MAGNITUDE.

"Tankley is quite a star as an after-dinner speaker."

"Star?" He's more like the moon. The fuller he gets the more brilliant he is.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

OUGHT TO SUIT.

CUSTOMER.—I've found out that the gallon of whiskey you sold me is doctored.

DEALER.—Um—well, you said you wanted it for medical use.—*New York Weekly*.

PERFECTLY SATISFIED.

MRS. JENKS.—Are you perfectly satisfied with your new dress?

MRS. SPEITZ.—Yes, indeed. The man I love best thinks it's beautiful, and the woman I love least has pretended to turn up her nose at it.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

MATURED.

"So you met the usual fate," said the man who sneers. "You went into Wall Street intending to be a bull or a bear and find yourself merely a lamb."

"No," was the answer; "I'm not a lamb. I've been on the losing side persistently for years. I'm a sheep."—*Washington Star*.

SIZING HIM UP.

PATRON.—I'll have a piece of pumpkin pie.

WAITER.—Punkin pie; yes, sir.

PATRON.—Pump-kin pie.

WAITER.—Oh, yes, sir. Think the Boston Club will have any chance o' winnin' the pennant this year?—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

CONSIDERATE.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins. "I see that the race horses and bookmakers are coming back again."

"Yes."

"Well, I think it's real considerate of them, anyhow, to stay away for a few months and give us a chance to save up a little."—*Washington Star*.

WOULD N'T GRATIFY HIM.

"How much your son looks like his father."

"Hush. Don't let his father hear you say it."

"Why not?"

"Because everybody admits that the boy is handsome."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

"See here!" cried the merchant, "some one is giving away our secrets."

"I'll bet it's that young Blugore you took in as clerk," said the junior partner.

"Impossible! He comes of one of our best families. He has in his veins the blood of great—"

"That's just it! 'Blood will tell,' you know."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

PERSONALLY INTERESTED.

"So you have abandoned Populism for ever?"

"Yes, sir," answered Farmer Corn-tassel. "Ever since I went to town and got two plugged dimes and a Canada quarter I'm heart and soul with the people who are standin' out for honest money in the strictest sense of the phrase."—*Washington Star*.

COMMERCIAL.

"Why don't you try to do something for posterity?"

"My friend," answered Senator Sorghum, "for a number of years I have read the market reports with great care, and I have never discovered that posterity was paying any dividends."—*Washington Star*.



GOLD SEAL

**Corked-Up Sunshine from America's
Most Famous Vineyards . . .**

The favorite Club and banquet

CHAMPAGNE

Special Dry—Brut

Made by the French process, it equals foreign wines in quality, bouquet and flavor. One-half the cost. Why pay custom duty for foreign labels?

GOLD SEAL is sold everywhere and served at all the principal clubs, hotels and cafés.

URBANA WINE CO., Urbana, N. Y., Sole Maker.

WHAT SHE SAW.

"And what," asked the eager people who had gathered around to wait for the girl to come out of her long trance, "what," they asked her, as she opened her eyes, "did you notice particularly in heaven?"

"The large assortment of harps that have never been called for," she answered in hollow, almost unearthly tones.—*Chicago Record-Herald*.



"CHUMS"

Pears' Soap

and

**A Matchless Complexion
are Inseparable Companions.**

"All rights reserved."

OPIUM and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Write DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. 1. L. Lebanon, Ohio

WE WONDER where the idea comes from that a man in a big town knows so much more than one living in a small town.—*Washington Democrat*.

PLEASING.

PATIENCE.—Would you like to go wherever you please?

PATRICE.—I'd rather please wherever I go.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

HIS CLOSENESS.

DAUGHTER.—I don't see why you don't like Mr. Spooner.

FATHER.—Well, for one thing, he's too close.

DAUGHTER.—Oh, father! Were you mean enough to spy on us last evening?—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

HIS MIND ON THE MARKET.

"What have you there?" asked the magnate of his accomplished daughter.

"A recent compilation of selected quotations. It's fine."

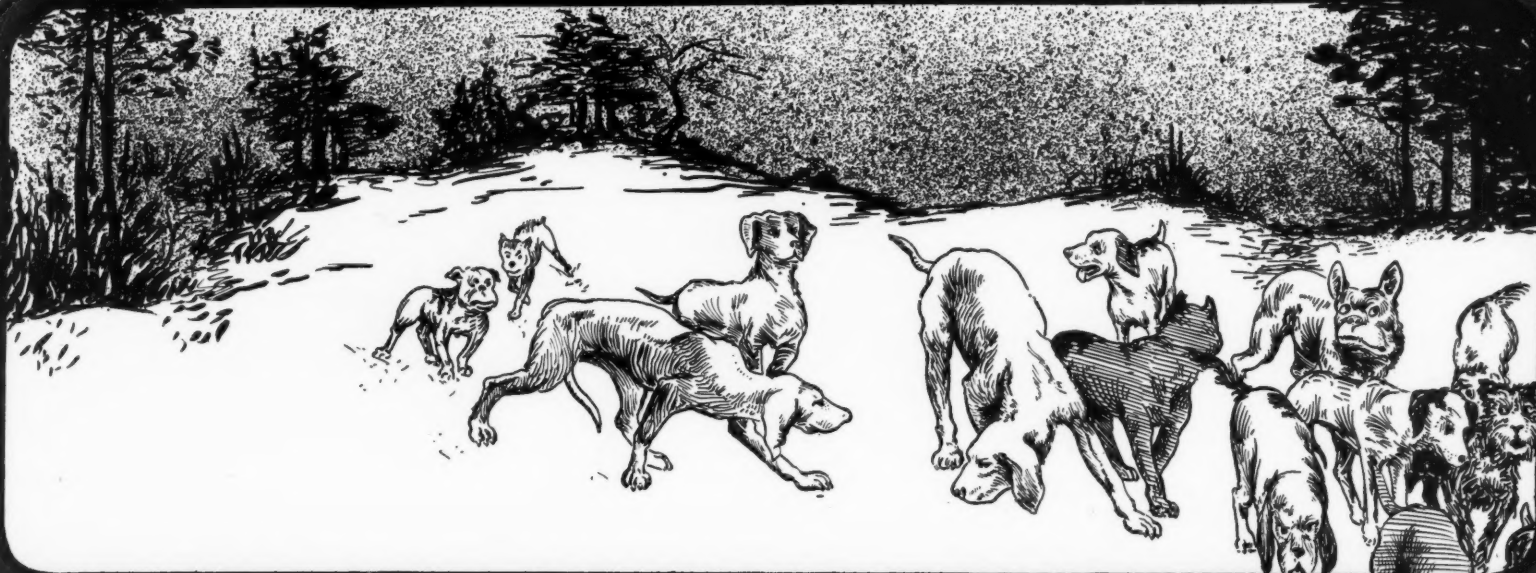
"Heavens! And I overlooked it. Turn to S and see how steel preferred is quoted."—*Detroit Free Press*.

NO USE.

"And so, doctor," said the anxious patient, "you think a little whiskey would be good for me? How much and how often am I to take it?"

"Well, I should say about one drink a week would be—"

"Oh, goldarnit, I'm goin' to get up and go down to the office!"—*Chicago Record-Herald*.



The one absolutely unselfish friend that man can have, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous is his dog.

Some of us have good dogs, some have mongrel dogs and a few of us have well-bred pedigreed dogs. Some of us appreciate the value of a dog, and a mongrel cur may have the same place in the hearts of some that a thoroughbred has in others.



There are mongrel whiskies also — usually a mixture of a little good and much bad.

Red Top Rye has a pedigree and should hold its place in the hearts of everyone who appreciates a rich, smooth, mellow, high-grade whiskey.

Red Top Rye is sold by first-class grocers, bars, cafés and hotels.

IF NOT FOR SALE BY YOUR DEALER, WRITE THE DISTILLERS < < < <

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